

Rusch

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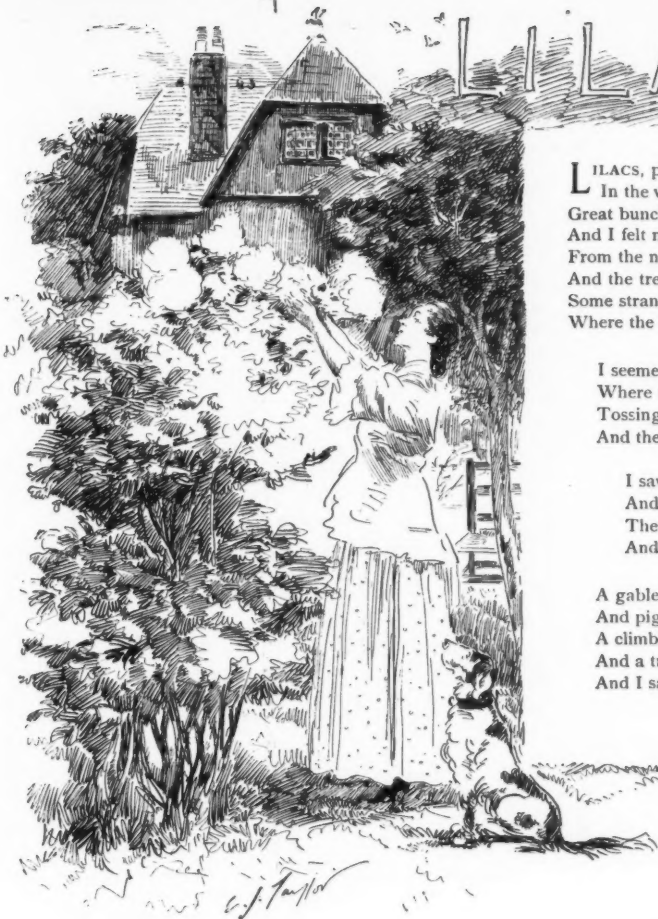
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SHAKING HIM OFF.







## LILACS.

LILACS, purple and pink and white,  
In the vender's cart, such a pretty sight!  
Great bunches, moist, as with dewy spray—  
And I felt myself, suddenly, miles away  
From the noise and whirl of the busy street,  
And the tread of the never-ceasing feet.  
Some strange spell touched me; I was afar  
Where the lanes and blossoming hedgerows are!

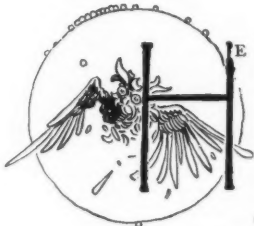
I seemed to stand by a garden wall  
Where the lilac bushes rose strong and tall,  
Tossing their beautiful plumes in air,  
And the breath of their fragrance, every-  
where.

I saw the butterflies go and come,  
And the bees, with their eager, droning hum;  
The swallows skimming on moveless wings,  
And a whole sweet world of forgotten things.

A gabled roof with a sloping edge,  
And pigeons flying from ledge to ledge;  
A climbing rose, and an open door,  
And a trellis of sunlight on the floor;  
And I saw—oh, no!—for the dream was  
gone.

I only saw, as the crowd swept on,  
Lilacs, purple and pink and white  
In the vender's cart,—such a pretty sight!

Madeline S. Bridges.



## AN OPINION.

HE WAS a rugged, bluff man, representing a Western region in Congress, and incidentally enjoying the hospitality of the Capital. One evening, at a dance, he was seated next to his hostess, when his eye fell upon a small, wizened individual, who wore several decorations and ribbons. The attention of the M. C. was instantly attracted, and he inquired who the personage was.

"Oh, that's Lord DeVoid!" returned his hostess; "a member of one of the noblest families of England. I think the patent of nobility was conferred upon them by Henry VII."

"Henry Seventh!" repeated the honest Representative, slowly, lost in thought. Then he suddenly turned to the lady of the house.

"Don't you think," he asked, solemnly and confidentially, "judgin' by this here specimen, that the patent is pretty nigh expired now?"

## IT OUGHT TO DO.

PIGLEY.—Shall you send your son to college?

HOGSON.—No; I had one set up here for him.

PIGLEY.—What does it consist of?

HOGSON.—A gymnasium in the hennery, a sawdust ring in the open lot, a shell in the duck-pond, the smoke-house for a secret society, and four hundred bunches of cigarettes.

## AS IT WORKS.

TOMMY.—Uncle, what's Prohibition?

UNCLE (*who comes from Maine*).—A law that prevents men from getting good liquor, Tommy.

THERE ARE maidens who worship the sun,  
As all anthropologists know;  
Their complexion is such  
That they don't mind it much  
If they freckle; for freckles don't show.

A GOOD NAME will give you the use of other men's great riches.  
But it's riskier to be an endorser than a capitalist.

IT IS popularly supposed that a man is most courageous when his stomach is full. But the nightmare that nearly scares the life out of us usually comes after a hearty supper.

## THE SOCIETY SKIT.

FRIEND.—Why, how is it you never sold this handsome drawing-room scene to some of the illustrated society papers? It's splendid!

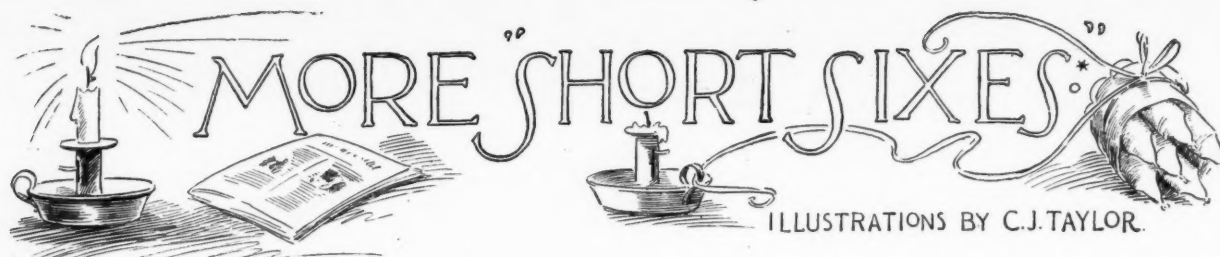
ARTIST.—Yes; it's pretty good. But I could n't think of any brutal insults the people in it would be making each other; and, until I do, it's a dead loss.



## "NEVER TOUCHED HIM."

WOODBURY BOOTH.—The drama in which I appear is universally pronounced an artistic success.

BEN THAIR (*hastily*).—Have n't a dollar, old chap; 'pon honor! If I had, you'd be welcome to it.



BY H.C. BUNNER.

No. V.

## MR. WICK'S AUNT.

THE WICK FAMILY had run the usual course of families for many, many years, and was quite old and respectable when causes, natural and extraordinary, none of them being pertinent to this statement, reduced said family to three members, viz:

MISS ANGELICA SUDBURY WICK, of the Boston branch of the family, who lived in the house of her guardian, old Jonas Thatcher, with whom we have no further concern, and who is therefore to be considered as turned down, although in his day he was a highly respected leather merchant. MISS ANGELICA WICK was fair and sweet and good up to the last requirement of young womanhood.

MR. WINKELMAN HEMPSTEAD WICK, of the Long Island branch of the family, a distant cousin of the young lady, and a young man of conscientious mind, an accountant by profession, and very nearly ready to buy out his employer.

MR. AARON BUSHWICK WICK, also of the Long Island branch of the family, the grand-uncle of young Winkelman, who had brought up the young man in his own house, and who loved him more than anything else in the world, until, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, he fell in love with, and married a lady named Louisa Nasmyth Pine, whom we will dismiss

from consideration as we dismissed the old leather merchant, although she was a most estimable and attractive lady, and did fancy embroidery extremely well. Her only concern with this story is that she bore the elder Mr. Wick a baby, and died three or four months subsequently. But that was enough; plenty; as much as was necessary.

The way that marriage came about was this: old Mr. Wick wanted to see the Wick family perpetuated, but young Mr. Wick was one of those cautious, careful, particular men who get to be old bachelors before

they know it. No girl whom he knew was quite exactly what he wanted. If she had been, she would have been too good for any man on earth. In fact, it took young Mr. Wick a number of years to realize that any way he could marry, he could only marry a human being like himself. In the meanwhile his grand-uncle grew impatient; and finally he said that if Winkelman didn't fix on a girl and get her to agree to marry him by the first of next January, he, AARON BUSHWICK WICK, would marry somebody himself. Miss Louisa Nasmyth Pine, being then close on to forty, helped him to get under the line just in time to save his grand-nephew from engaging himself to an ill-tempered widow with five children — which is the kind of woman that those particular men generally pick up in the end. And it serves them right.

And so this marriage brought into existence the baby — BEATRICE BRIGHTON WICK.

Old Mr. Wick's endeavors to hand the name of Wick down to posterity were crowned, as you see, with only partial success. He had a Wick, it was true, but it was a Wick that would be put out by marriage. He found himself obliged to fall back on young Winkelman, and he be-thought himself of the distant cousin in Boston. He knew nothing of her, but he reasoned that if she were a Wick, she must be everything that was lovely and desirable; and so he said to his grand-nephew:

"Wink, you know that I am a man of my word. If you will go and marry that girl, and if the two of you will take care of that confounded baby who is crying again, while I put in three or four years in Europe till it gets to some sort of a rational age, I will buy your employer out, guarantee you what is necessary for you to live on in some healthy country place — no city air for that child, do you understand! — and when I die you'll be her guardian and have the usufruct of her estate and be residuary legatee and all that sort of thing."

Winkelman Wick knew that his grand-uncle was a man of his word, and that "all that sort of thing" meant a very, very comfortable sort of thing, for the old gentleman was rich, and had liberal ideas, and drank more port than was good for him. He had no fancy for marrying a strange girl, but he thought that there could be no harm in going out to Boston and taking a look at his, so far, distant cousin. Under pretense of wanting to write up the Wick genealogy, he went to Boston, and passed some time under Mr. Thatcher's hospitable roof. He found Angelica Wick all

that his fancy might have painted her but had n't; and, as Mr. Thatcher had six daughters of his own, all of them older than Angelica, and none so good looking, he did not find any difficulty in inducing his pretty cousin to marry him — and she did not back out even when he sprung the baby contract on her. She said that she was a true woman and that she would stand by him, but that she thought it might be a little awkward. Feminine intuition is a wonderful thing. When it is right, it is apt to be right.

The elder Mr. Wick was as good as his word, — only, as is often the case with people who pride themselves upon being as good as their word, he took his own word too seriously. He died of apoplexy shortly after landing at Liverpool. His will, however, was probated in New York, and thus escaped a legacy tax. The will fully carried out every promise he had made to his young kinsman, but he had drawn it to follow absolutely the terms of his proposition. He had never for an instant contemplated the possibility of his dying before he wanted to — people who make their wills very rarely do — and he had so drawn the document that Mr. and Mrs. Winkelman Wick could come into their inheritance only after carrying out their part of the contract, which was to take care of their aunt, Baby Beatrice Brighton Wick, for the space of four years, during which Mr. Aaron Bushwick Wick had intended, without consideration of the designs of Divine Providence, to sojourn in Europe.

This brings the situation exactly down to bed-rock. On the tenth of April, eighteen hundred and tumty-tum, Mr. Winkelman Wick and Miss Angelica Wick were married in the old Wick house on Montague Street, Brooklyn. On the twenty-fifth of April Mr. Aaron Bushwick Wick ended his journey across the Atlantic at the Port of Liverpool, England. On the twenty-seventh of April he started on that other journey for which your heirs pay your passage money — and he certainly was not happy in his starting place. On the twenty-eighth of the same month young Mr. and Mrs. Wick knew the terms of their grand-uncle's will; and on the thirtieth the old Wick mansion was in the hands of the trustees, and the young Wicks were in a hotel in charge of their baby-aunt, Beatrice, who was herself in charge of an aged Irishwoman, whose feet were decidedly more intelligent than her brain. That is one of the beauties of Ireland. You can get every variety of human being there from a cherub to a chimpanzee.

They were very comfortable in the hotel, and would have liked to stay there, but that awful contract had as

many ways of making itself disagreeable as an octopus has. They had pledged themselves, with and for the benefit of the baby, to a suitable place in the country without unreasonable delay. Their lawyer informed them that reasonable delay meant three weeks and not one day more. As their contract began on the tenth of April, they had, therefore, one day left to them to carry out this provision. Moreover, the contract, after defining the phrase "a suitable country place" in terms that would have fitted a sell-

ing advertisement of the Garden of Eden, went on to specify that no place should be considered suitable that was not at least forty miles from any city of twenty thousand inhabitants, or upward. When Mr. Aaron Bushwick Wick wanted pure country air for a baby, he wanted it pure. If he could, he would probably have had it brought in sealed bottles.

Picking a place of residence for four long years is not an agreeable

(Continued on page 182, this number.)





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### THE SILVER LINING.

HAROLD SPENDER (*angrily*).—But your demands are usury! I'll be left barely enough to live on if I pay you what I owe you at such interest.

GELDSTEIN (*urbanelly*).—Vell, vont you feel under obligations to me for freeing you from the monarchical inquisition of dot income tax?

### WHEN GABRIEL BLOWS.

GOODE.—What is greater than man's desire for immortality?

HOODE.—His desire to say "I told you so!" to the skeptic.

### A DEFINITION.

An apricot is a little tree;

A cot is a home that e'er beguiles

The ape who's a tenant and for it pays

Eight hundred plunks while the Summer smiles.



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### QUESTION.

RESIDENT MAINE TOWN (*proudly*).—No, sir; the words Whiskey and Beer are unknown in this town.

DRUMMER (*in anxious whisper*).—What do you ask for?

### FROM FRYING PAN TO FIRE.

DEACON.—We must devise some means of paying these five hundred dollars of outstanding bills against the church; we are being pressed for the money.

VESTRYMAN (*in surprise*).—Why, what are they for?

DEACON.—For flowers, decorations, music and so forth, furnished for the entertainment last month, to celebrate the church being at last free from debt.

### A DEFINITION.

WEINBERG.—What do you call a work of art?

GIVENS.—It's something you don't quite understand and that costs you a heap of money.

### THE RESULT.

WILLY WILT.—Do you know, I fancy I have quite a literary bent.

VAN DEMMIT.—All right, my boy; keep on and you'll be worse than bent—you'll be broke.



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### MRS. O'TOOLE'S JOKE.

MRS. O'TOOLE.—Why don't yez name it Patrick?

MRS. BRADY.—But it's a gur-rl, and Oi can't be afther naming it a man's name.

MRS. O'TOOLE.—That's so. Still, she'll be afther a man's name herself if she lives long enough.

### BASIS OF JUDGEMENT.

MR. PORKINGHAM (*of Kansas City*).—Now, here's a question. Who shall go first in to dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Packer, or Mr. and Mrs. McCann?

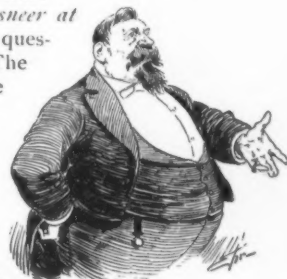
MRS. PORKINGHAM (*with a sneer at his ignorance*).—Why, there is no question as to who takes precedence! The McCanns kill two hundred more hogs a day than the Packers.

### AN OBJECTION.

WILLY.—I hate these four-ring circuses.

MAMA.—Why, Willy?

WILLY.—Because they use up the circus too soon. If they had only one ring, the circus would be four times as long.



THERE WAS a price upon her head.

She was very calm. A smile played about her lips.

"T is well!"

She paused a moment in thought.

"T is well! I will take it."

Then she removed the price from her head. There was a trifle of lace, and a flower or two, of course; but the hat was mostly price.

task under conditions such as these, especially to a young couple prematurely saddled with parental cares, and equipped with only twenty days of experience in the matrimonial state. They discussed the situation for hours on end. Mrs. Wick wept, and Mr. Wick contributed more profanity than is generally used by a green husband. They even asked the Irish nurse if she could not suggest some suitable place, and they stated the whole situation to her very clearly and carefully. She thought a while, and then suggested Ballymahon, County Longford, Ireland. However, indirectly, she assisted them to solve the problem.

Mr. Wick told her to go to Jericho; and Mrs. Wick suddenly brightened up and said:

"Why, that's so, Winkelman!"

Mr. Wick stared in horror at his wife. Was the sweet young thing going crazy under the strain? But no, Mrs. Wick was looking as bright as a rose after an April shower, and she grew brighter and brighter as she stood thinking in silence, nodding her pretty head affirmatively,

pursing her lips, and checking off the various stages of her thought with her finger tip on her cheek. Finally she said:

"And you could use the little room for a dressing room. Yes, dear, I'm quite certain it will do beautifully."

After a while Mr. Wick convinced his wife that he was not a mind-reader, and then he got some information. Of course she did not stay convinced—no woman ever did. All women think that the mechanism of their thought is visible like a model in a glass case.

Mrs. Wick had forgotten that she herself owned a country house. This was more excusable than it seems on the face of it, for she had never seen the house, nor had she ever expected to see it. In fact, it was hardly to be called a house: it was only a sort of bungalow or pavilion which had once belonged to a club of sportsmen, and which her father had taken for a bad debt. It was situated in the village of Jericho, of which she knew nothing more than that her father had said that it was a good place for trout, and was accessible by several different railroads. Concerning the house itself she was better informed. She had had to copy the plans of its interior on many occasions when her guardian had made futile efforts to sell or to rent it. She also knew that the place was fully furnished, and that an old woman lived in it as care-taker, rent free, and liable to be dispossessed at any moment.

The nurse was told that they would go to Jericho with her. She only asked would the baby take her bottle now or wait till she got there?

Jericho Junction is one of those lonely and forsaken little stopping-places on the outskirts of the great woods that are the sportsman's paradise, with a dreary, brown-painted, pine box, just big enough for the ticket agent, the baggage master, the telegraph operator, the flagman, the local postmaster, and the casual or possible intending passenger. As this makes two persons in all, the structure is not large.

The casual passenger and the full corps of local railway officials were both present at Jericho Junction when the 6:30 P. M. train loomed out of the dreary, raw May twilight, and drew up in front of the little box. Now, these two occupants of the tiny station were neighbors but not friends. Farmer Byam Beebe lived "a piece back in the country, over t'wards Ellenville South Farms." Mr. John D. Wilkins, station agent, telegraph operator, and all the rest of the functionaries of Jericho Junction, dwelt in his little box, midway between Ellenville South Farms and the nearest important town, Bunker's Mills,

a considerable manufacturing settlement. A houseless stretch of ten miles separated the neighbors; but not even ten miles had stood between them and a grudge of many years' duration. Beebe hated Wilkins, and Wilkins hated Beebe. Never mind why. They were close neighbors for that region; and that more close neighbors do not kill each other testifies every day to the broad spread of Christian charity.

Mr. Beebe so hated Mr. Wilkins that he made it a regular practice to stop at the station after his day's work was done, to wait for this particular train. Silent and unfriendly, he would loaf in the station for an hour and a half, and the station master dared not put him out, for he was possibly an intending passenger on the train as far as the next flag-station, which was a railroad crossing a mile and a quarter further on. Mr. Beebe never bought a ticket from Mr. Wilkins, on the occasions when he did ride. He paid his way on the cars, five cents, plus ten cents rebate-check, and this rebate-check he redeemed at Mr. Wilkins's office the next day. Furthermore, he made a point of going out just before the train arrived, and waiting on the other side of it to get in, so that Mr. Wilkins could not tell whether he boarded the train or walked off through the thick woods that crowded down to the very edge of the line.

Thus it happened that as the train arrived on the evening of the first of May, Mr. Beebe, being on the farther side of the track from the railroad station, saw an Irish nurse blunder helplessly off the platform in front of him, holding a six month's old baby in her arms, and stand staring straight before her in evident bewilderment. Mr. Beebe accosted her in all kindness:

"Your folks got off the other side, I guess. This here ain't the right side for nobody, only me." Then he prodded the baby with a large and horny finger. "How old will that young 'un be?" he inquired.

"Six months, sorr," replied the nurse; "gahn on seven."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Beebe, with polite affectation of interest.

"Folks been long married?"

"Wan month, sorr," replied the nurse.

"Which?" inquired Mr. Beebe.

"Wan month, sorr," replied the nurse.

On the other side of the train of cars, station agent John D. Wilkins saw an old-fashioned carryall drive up, conducted by an elderly woman of austere demeanor. She was dressed in black alpaca, and her look was stern and severe, and, necessarily, highly respectable. He saw a young man and a young woman descend from the train, and saw the young man hand the young woman into the carryall behind the elderly lady. Then, as the young man turned as though to look for some one following him, he heard the young woman say:

"Winkelman, dear, I don't care *what* her age is, you *must* spank your aunt!"

When Mr. John D. Wilkins heard what he heard, he forgot the rules of the railroad company, according to which he should have remained on the platform until the train had left. He knew that just at 6:30 his particular crony, Mr. Hiram Stalls, telegraph operator at Bunker's Mills, and news-gatherer for the Bunker's Mills *Daily Eagle*, went off duty in his telegraphic capacity, and became an unalloyed journalist. He caught Mr. Stalls in the act of saying good-night, and he talked to him over the wire in dot and dash thus:

"That you, Hi? Meet me at the station when the 7:21 gets in. I've got a news item for you that will make the *Eagle* scream this trip, sure."

(Concluded in our next.)

#### RELENTLESS TIME.

"Wilt keep," I asked, "thy birthday?"

The girl misunderstood;

She sadly shook her head and sighed,

"I only wish I could!"

THE VALUE of an exclusive taste depends on what it excludes. Some people won't read anything but the love-stories in the *Weekly Scavenger*.

IT MAY take nine tailors to make a man; but we never yet heard of one hero who rejoiced over a home-made shirt.

#### AN OVERSIGHT.

STRANGER.—I am informed that nearly a million dollars have been expended on the statuary in the parks and squares of New York.

MR. GOTHAM.—That's true.

"They don't appear to attract much attention."

"No; the price-marks are not on them."

"BLESSED IS THE MAN WHO EXPECTS NOTHING." The apathy that comes from long-continued hard luck may bring us as much rest as good-fortune can; but it is a kind of rest that can only be taken under ground.

#### SUICIDAL.

Our landlady says that fish is great

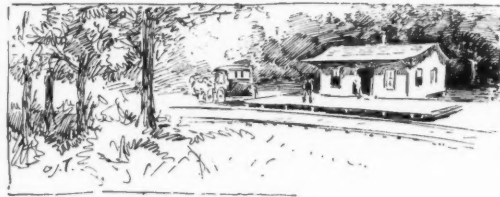
For the brain—but she yet may grieve,

For by feeding it to us early and late,

We will soon know enough to leave.

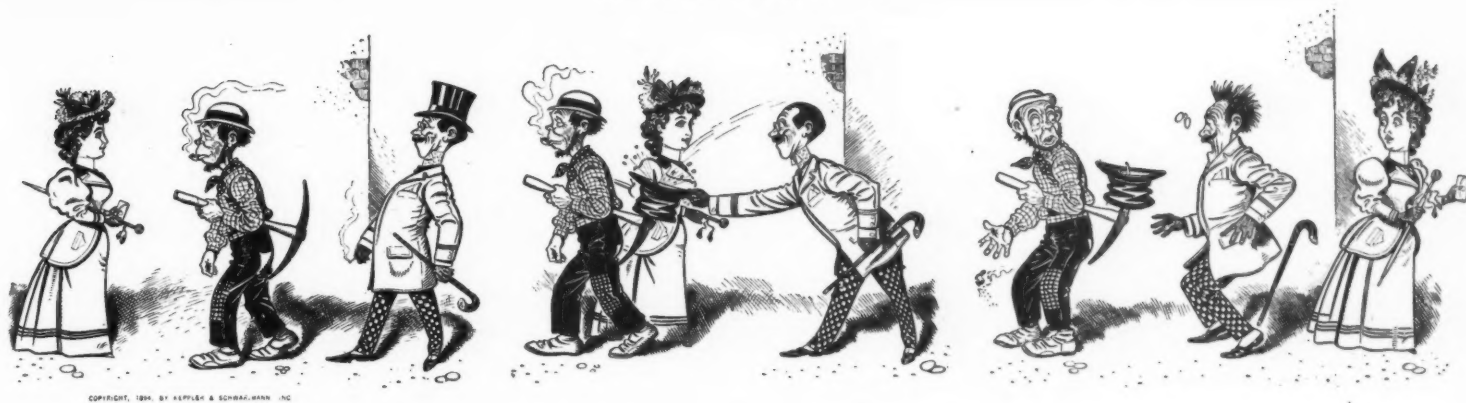
WHEN THE Rights of Man are better understood, the Cane-and-Umbrella-Flourishing-Devil will have to walk around in a wire cage for the safety of the Public.

WHEN THE utilitarians get possession of this world, genius will simply be considered a certain form of insanity.





## AN UNFORTUNATE TIP.



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## A CLASSIC GAME.

MISS HUBBELL (*of Boston, as the ball goes over the fence, and DELEHANTY makes a home run*).—Now, what do they call that?  
HER ESCORT.—A homer.

MISS HUBBELL (*delighted*).—Homer! Homer! Why, this game can't be so awfully vulgar, when they name one of the points after the greatest poet that ever lived!

## HAD SEEN SOME TROUBLE.

"Have I had trouble?" asked the tall, dark man, prematurely gray. "My life for the last three years has been one of anxiety and soul-sickening worry."

"Ah! one of those unfortunates to whom life has been one long failure; a series of losses in love, wealth and happiness?"

"Worse than that, sir; worse than that! I am the manager of a Grand Opera troupe that has three famous sopranos!"

## EDUCATIONAL.

BROWN.—I see there's another large bequest been made to Yale College.

JONES.—What will they do with the money?

BROWN.—Establish a post-graduate foot-ball course.

WHEN A girl counts on her fingers, she invariably counts most on the engagement finger.

## A QUESTION OF SUCCESSION.

ALGY.—You wead about the Pwince of Wales's accident, did n't you?

CHOLLY.—Yes. Lucky escape, by Jove!

ALGY.—If anything happened to the Pwince, would it be his eldest son who would decide what we should weah?

## THE FIRST STEP AFTER GRADUATION

"What are you going to do with your son George when he leaves college this Summer, Mr. Hicks?"

"Oh, I don't know! I guess I'll civilize him first."

## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

BRIDGET.—Phwere do yez be goin' th' noight?

PATRICK.—We 're goin' to mob a newspaper office. Begorry, we 'll not lave wan brick above anither!

"Phwat has th' paper been sayin'?"

"It says th' Oirish ahrr not capable av silf-governmint."

## NO SIMILARITY.

PRIMUS.—Don't you believe that Public Office is a Public Trust?

SECUNDUS (*wearied office-seeker*).—No, I don't. A trust is a thing that forces you to come into it.



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## AN OBEDIENT YOUTH.

BOBBY (*to his MOTHER, who is entertaining the new pastor*).—Mother, did n't you tell me not to say anything about Doctor Howler's funny mouth?

MOTHER (*in intense agony*).—Hush, Willy, hush! Yes.

BOBBY (*with the air of a martyr*).—Well, I'll not!



100mum lth Co. New York, N.Y.

# PUCK'S POLITICAL WEATHER FORECAST FOR FOURTEENTH STREET AND VICINITY.

TERRIBLE ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCES, EARTHQUAKES AND BOSSQUAKES, FLOODS AND WASHOUTS.



PUCK.

A political cartoon by Puck. In the upper right, a giant, glowing face of a man, likely representing the public or a powerful figure, looks down. A bright beam of light, labeled 'POPULAR CONDEMNATION', shines from the face down towards a group of men in a courtroom. The men are labeled 'MARTIN', 'GRANT', 'M'CELLAN', and 'COCKRAN'. A bulldog is in the bottom left corner. The scene is set in a courtroom with a judge's bench and a witness stand. The man labeled 'M'CELLAN' is being led by a man in a top hat. The man labeled 'GRANT' is holding a book. The man labeled 'MARTIN' is holding a paper. The man labeled 'COCKRAN' is holding a paper. The scene is set in a courtroom with a judge's bench and a witness stand. The man labeled 'M'CELLAN' is being led by a man in a top hat. The man labeled 'GRANT' is holding a book. The man labeled 'MARTIN' is holding a paper. The man labeled 'COCKRAN' is holding a paper.

## A WARNING.

**M**Y FRIENDS," said the stranger who had wandered into the temperance meeting, "perhaps my own experience will be a warning to you. I began to drink fifteen years ago. At first I drank occasionally, and took a little at a time. As Nature strengthened herself to resist the poison, I had to drink oftener and more copiously to produce the desired effect. After awhile, as Nature reinforced herself, I became so that only great quantities, taken almost constantly, brought the sense of intoxication. What has been the result?

Why, that now, drink as uninterruptedly and copiously as I can, I am sobering off faster than I am getting tight. The future holds nothing for me but ultimate and hopeless sobriety. That is the legitimate and logical result of the curse of drink. I must pass the rest of my days in practically the same stupid and unexhilarated condition as that of the spiritless and doting teetotaler."

*Williston Fish.*

"MISS DE FLIRT announces a change of heart."

"Indeed! Whose heart is it now, I wonder?"



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## THE DOWNWARD PATH.

SENIOR PARTNER.—Keep a close watch on De Ledger's accounts this Summer.

JUNIOR PARTNER.—Eh? Is he playing the races?

SENIOR PARTNER.—Worse! He has moved to the suburbs, and is going to raise his own vegetables.

## TOO MUCH.

"Going to see the Diva in 'Cavalleria' to-night?"

"You don't mean to say that they're bringing this tank business into Italian operas!"

## ATHLETICS ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

GOTHAM.—Why, old man, I always thought this town was slow; but she looks sporty, I tell you, when every man you meet wears either a sweater or a tennis blazer!

CRANBERRY.—You bet! There's been a big revival in parlor-croquet and tiddle-de-winks this Spring in Brooklyn.

## EMANCIPATED.

DR. CHARGEWELL.—I had fourteen cases at one place last evening. BALIWICK.—Was it an epidemic?

DR. CHARGEWELL.—No. The Young Women's *Fin de Siècle* Club had a smoking concert.



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## A BAD CASE.

ROBINSON.—How did you find Mrs. Johnson?

MRS. ROBINSON.—Well, she says she can't complain.

ROBINSON.—Can't, eh? I had no idea she was as low as that.

## THE PRESENT STYLE.

The fighters who are talking fight  
And would each other chew and gulp,  
Seem to reduce each other to  
Naught but newspaper pulp.



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## A NATURAL ERROR.

AMERICAN STUDENT (to young stranger).—College man, I presume?

GERMAN STUDENT (the hero of a hundred Heidelberg Duels).—Yah!

AMERICAN STUDENT (with an awe-stricken glance at the scars).—My! My! Hazing or football?



CUSTOM-MADE.

"The whom I love must be quite small," I said.  
"I like not your tall women: quite petite,  
With eyes that must perforce be raised to mine,  
And small, white hands, and little, dancing feet!"  
But, when we met, Love, in that hour divine,  
Your honest eyes looked level into mine.

"She must be gentle—Woman's chief-  
est charm!  
Meek and submissive to my lightest  
frown."

But now my heart is lying at your feet:  
Ah! How imperiously you smiled it down!  
And I, your willing slave, from day to day  
Live but to love, to honor, to obey.

"She must be fair!"

But in your rounded cheek  
The red and brown do meet, in sweetest blend,  
And twilight dusk is in your heavy hair;  
And long black lashes added beauty lend  
To your brown eyes, where, darkly-written, lie  
Love's answers, in love's shy obscurity.

Most foolish I! To think that I could name  
Your eyes, your hair, a dimple more or less,  
Detail your every charm, nor thereby lose  
This new, best charm of unexpectedness!  
Most foolish I! Is not all time recorder  
That love-suits never can be made to order?

Hilda Johnson.

CHINA'S WEAK POINT.

BUNKER.—The papers say that the Chinese govern-  
ment proposes to treat Americans exactly as the Chinese are  
treated in this country.

TUNKER.—They can't do it! They have n't any  
hoodlums.

ON LODGE NIGHTS.

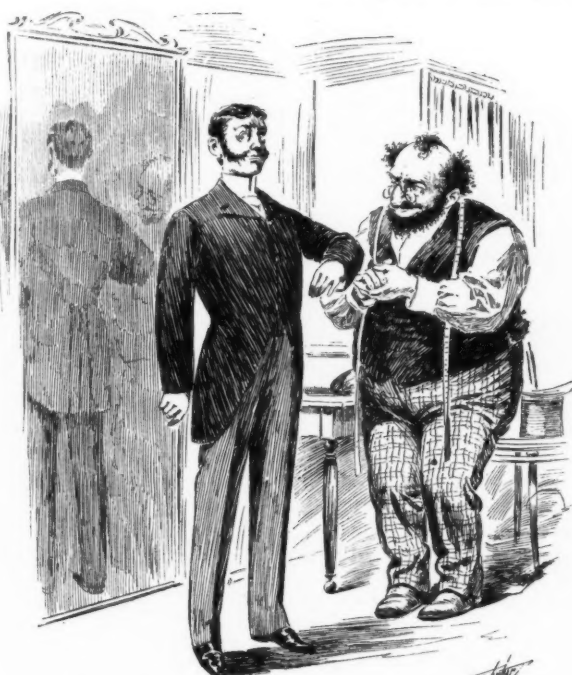
"William," observed the lady goat, "you look irritated."  
"Yes," rejoined her husband, "I wish I could divine  
the purpose of this Lease gang. Will they affect the bifur-  
cated, or must I wear a side-saddle?"

TO ERR is human; to forgive, masculine.

HAD A FINGER IN THE PIE — The late missionary among  
the cannibals.

THE COUNTERFEITER never takes more than a passing  
interest in his business.

A STRANGE CONDITION OF AFFAIRS.



This is the way our clothes look to us when the tailor tries  
them on in his shop.



THE FIRST WATERPROOF.

ADAM.—You are certainly not going out in  
all this rain, my dear? You'll catch your death  
of cold.

EVE (complacently).—Oh, I'm all right! You  
see, this dress is made from leaves of the rubber-  
tree.

A MYSTERY.

BROOKLYNITE.—You are not much interested in the  
agitation about trolley accidents.

NEW YORKER.—I would be if I could see any reason  
why the people of Brooklyn should be so passionately fond  
of life.

A SURE THING — Your Feminine Opponent.

"THE STUFF OF WHICH HEROS ARE MADE" — Wood  
Pulp and Printer's Ink.



And this is how they look when we try them on  
at home before our own glass.

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No. 83. **GO** 10C.  
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SIDE VIEW.

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able, and can be adjusted with perfect  
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SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

VICTOR SASH!

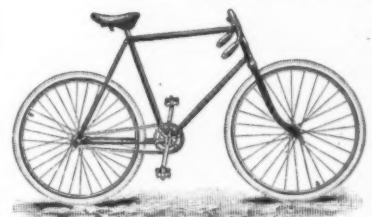


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Fancy Vesting (Black, with Blue Silk Dots) " 3.00  
Sent by mail if you can not get them in your town.  
In ordering, give waist measure.

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from \$20.00 to \$50.00, or for 10 cents they will  
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to eat but better to hang in your window.

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**Imperial Wheel**  
EASY RIDING.



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**AMES & FROST COMPANY, Chicago.**

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A SERIOUS CASE.  
WIFE.—You must send me away for my health at once. I am going into a decline.  
HUSBAND.—My! My! What makes you think so?  
WIFE.—All my dresses are beginning to feel comfortable.—*New York Weekly.*

A LOVE-MATCH.  
FRIEND.—Edith married for money, did n't she?  
CLARA.—No, indeed. He is rich, but she is dreadfully in love with him. Why, when he comes in late, she just sits and scolds him by the hour.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

PREJUDICE is blind from birth.—*Ram's Horn.*

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"It'll be a great show when it happens," said the flip-pant citizen.  
"When what happens?"  
"When Coxey's walking match consolidates with the senatorial talking match."—*Washington Star.*

TRUE GRIT.  
MOTHER.—Were n't you hurt when all that snow tumbled off the roof and hit you?  
SMALL SON.—Yes'm.  
"You did n't cry?"  
"No'm. I thought some of the boys threw it."—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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**CATARRH**  
PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS



TURNING THE CRANK.  
TEMPRINCE CRANK.—Will you have a glass of water?  
MAN (using ancient jest in contempt of his interlocutor).—No; water's dangerous.  
TEMPRINCE CRANK (sarcastically).—Perhaps you prefer bee-er?  
MAN.—No; beer's getting to be about as bad.  
TEMPRINCE CRANK.—Oh, I did n't suppose you'd own it!  
MAN.—It's true, though. They are getting to put so much water in it.  
For that "out o' sorts" feeling  
Take Bromo-Seltzer—  
Trial Bottle 10c.

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Atlantic City, N. J.  
Leading all the year Resort.  
ONCE on a time a wise man  
Said, with a weary sigh:  
"Rather than be bald-headed,  
I'd greatly prefer to die."  
Soon a malignant fever  
Tucked him into his bed,  
And when he got up, a door-knob  
Looked very much like his head.  
Still unto life he's clinging,  
And when he is taken sick,  
He sends at once for the doctor,  
And sends for him pretty quick.  
If you have any doubts regarding the truth of this little golden legend, you may set your mind at rest on the subject by purchasing a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK. Price, twenty-five cents. Of all newsdealers.

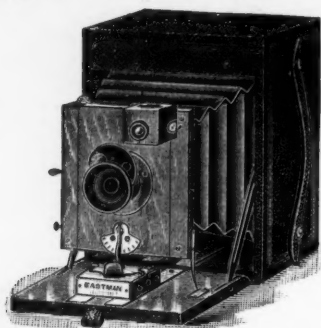
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**FINE FEATHERS** may fail sometimes to make fine birds, but they can be depended on for a bill at least.—*Inter Ocean.*

THE devil loves the man whose mule has an easier time than his wife; no matter whether he belongs to church or not.—*Ram's Horn.*

THE ONE.—Did you hear about Flipper?

THE OTHER.—No; who's the woman?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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Bear in mind, that no matter in what part of the United States you reside, you can have the latest New York styles at "Arnheim" prices; and we would advise you to communicate with "Arnheim" without delay.

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—*Atchison Globe.*

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Send us your full name and address and we will send you a box of our finest 10c cigars, retail value \$5.00, for \$2.98. In order to introduce this brand we will send you **FREE** this elegant watch, stem wind and stem set, gold finished, beautifully engraved and equal in appearance and as good a time keeper as the average \$25.00 gold filled watch. We send the 50 cigars and watch together C. O. D., cost only \$2.98. You examine them at the express office and if satisfactory pay the agent the amount and they are yours. Write to-day. Mention whether you want ladies' or gents' size watch. Address:  
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### WHY SHOULD HE?

SHE.—I rode down in the same horse-car with you yesterday.

HE.—Strange I didn't see you.

SHE.—Not at all; You were sitting down.

—*Truth.*

A GIRL is not considered a good singer until she has caused a concert to be postponed because she has a cold.

—*Atchison Globe.*

THEORY is no more like fact than a photograph is like a man.—*Atchison Globe.*



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**WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,** MENTON PLACE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

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Why it Falls Off, Turns Gray, and the Remedy.  
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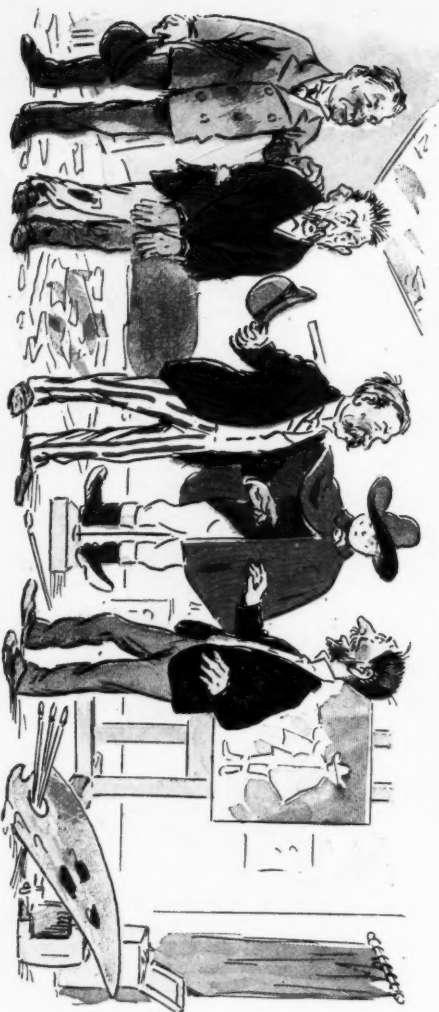




Mr. DOBSON SMUDGES.—It's no use;—this "Highwayman" will be a failure;—I can't paint it from a lay-figure, and I've no money to hire a model. I guess I'll commit suicide!



Mr. DOBSON SMUDGES.—Good gracious!—what's that?



OFFICER.—The Old Reliable Bank offers fifteen hundred dollars reward for this man's capture. Meet us there in an hour; you're entitled to half of it.



DESPERATE CHARACTER.—They're gaining on me—I'll jump through this sky-light, and I may get away yet!



DESPERATE CHARACTER.—Hold on!—Tell yer friend not to shoot, Mister—I'll surrender penanceable!



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